[fic] Adjustments

- Dec. 19th, 2010 at 2:13 AM

Title: Adjustments.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: R for sex, dubcon-ness, & swearing.
Warnings: Dubcon.
Pairings/Characters: dark/amoral!Gabriel/Dean.
Word Count: 1,767 words.
Summary: Dean belongs to Gabriel - he just doesn't know it yet.
Note: This is the seventh of my Christmas gift fics, and this one is a specific

present to **ravenspear**, who wanted amoral!Gabriel/Dean with Gabriel being possessive and not nice at all. (And who am I to deny her?) Set somewhere in S5.

(It doesn't do anything. Of course it wouldn't: if Castiel could survive a stabbing from an even more potent blade, then Gabriel could survive this.)

Castiel looks at him with worried eyes and doesn't respond when Dean snaps at him, instead vanishing with the sound of wings. Dean stares at the empty space and doesn't answer when Sam asks him what's wrong.

He opens his mouth at one point, to tell Sam the truth, but then there is a searing heat under the skin just above his elbows, and it doesn't subside back to a dull ache until he says, "I'm *fine*," and nothing else.

Sam's giving him one of those overly-concerned looks again, but Dean ignores it, instead hurrying into the bathroom.

When he rolls up his sleeve, there's a thin gold line where he had been burnt.

Gabriel listens to Castiel's questions and protests with good humor up until the point where he grows bored. Castiel can see it; the moment Gabriel gets serious is marked by a shift in stance and Gabriel moving closer.

"You really don't get it, do you?"

Castiel looks down at the archangel and frowns. "Dean Winchester is not yours to claim, brother."

"Actually, he is." Gabriel's tone brooks no disagreement, and when Castiel opens his mouth to protest Gabriel snaps his fingers, silencing his brother with ease. "I'm doing

everything you want me to do. He'll be out of Michael's hands, and he'll be mine instead. And you *know* I'm not inclined to share."

Castiel's stare is dark and unhappy.

"If you wanted him, you should have moved in sooner, bro. Too late now for regrets."

Gabriel snaps his fingers again and Castiel is gone, placed elsewhere. A minute later Gabriel decides to be kind and snaps his fingers again, giving Castiel his voice back.

Dean sleeps on his stomach instead of on his back that night. He tenses when he feels weight land on his bed, and he curls his fingers around the handle of the knife hidden under his pillow instead of looking up. He knows who it is.

Instead of looking up or answering when his name is whispered, he stares at his arm, where the golden burn is glowing faintly. It only confirms what he had been suspecting, and when a too-strong hand on his shoulder turns him over, he drives the knife into Gabriel's chest.

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Gabriel looks at the blade in his chest and back at Dean, then raises an eyebrow.

"No," Dean says. He's not taking it out. "Get the hell away from me."

Gabriel looks at the knife again. "Take your knife back, Dean, or I'll do it for you." There's something like a threat in his tone that makes Dean reach out before remembering his pride and pulling his hand back.

Gabriel sighs theatrically and draws the blade himself. Barely seconds later its been turned around and driven into Dean in the same place it hurt Gabriel, and Gabriel's eyes haven't even flickered.

Dean flinches at the pain, and pulls it free from his skin with a pained cry that he will deny making. He's bleeding, but there's something wrong with his skin already - it's healing, healed and he is like new once again, save for the hole in his shirt.

"You did that," Dean says, flat and angry.

"I don't like my bed companions to bleed."

"I'm not your god-damned 'bed companion'."

Gabriel laughs then, bright and with mirth, as if Dean's just told him the most wonderful joke. He leans forward, pushing Dean back down against the bed with a hand, and kisses Dean deeply, enjoying the spark of rage in Dean's eyes.

"You're mine, Dean, I've already marked you as such to other angels," Gabriel says when he sits back up.

"Fuck you," Dean spits.

"I think we will, later," Gabriel says, and Dean's glare would kill, if a look alone could do such a thing. Gabriel smirks back at him, entirely too amused. "Dean Winchester, you're *mine* and I'll repeat that as often as you need to hear it, because you're going to believe it, one way or another."

Dean glowers at him and opens his mouth, but Gabriel puts a finger on his lips.

"Ah ah ah! You're going to try to tell me off or deny it, and then I'll have to do something about it, and I'd really rather just get on with the fun I've got planned for tonight." When Dean doesn't close his mouth, Gabriel snaps his fingers instead to close it for Dean, and smirks down at him.

Gabriel snaps his fingers again, and Dean finds himself on his back, naked, spread out on the bed and bound with leather restraints. It's cheating, it really is, but Gabriel's been on Earth long enough to learn not to care about rules.

Dean mmmfs complaint at Gabriel and strains at the restraints, already fighting to get out and away, and Gabriel can see panic in his eyes. Being restrained still brings up bad memories for Dean, he recalls. Bad memories of Hell, and after a brief tour in Dean's mind, Gabriel knows exactly what Dean's remembering: being bound and spread on that rack while Alastair sliced flesh from his bones for far, far too long.

Gabriel almost eases Dean's fears. Almost. But he has a plan for tonight, and the first thing on his agenda now that Dean's bound is to thoroughly debauch him. He begins with kisses planted along Dean's arms, followed with bites that leave red marks up and down Dean's arms and neck.

Gabriel grins to see Dean hardening even as Dean glares at him, and flicks Dean's tip with a knowing chuckle. Dean's hips jerk involuntarily, and Gabriel does it again.

"Like that, do you?" Gabriel asks, laughing, and wraps his fingers around Dean's length as he strokes him; firm strokes that leave Dean gasping as he arches up into the touch. (Gabriel may or may not be cheating; Dean's nerves may or may not be made more sensitive by more abuses of angelic powers.)

Gabriel leans in to nip at Dean's neck, then bites Dean's shoulder, and bites down *hard*, leaving a mark that will stay for more than a few days.

This is when he snaps his fingers and lets Dean speak again.

"Ow! Sonofabitch!"

Gabriel squeezes his fingers, rubs at Dean's cock. Dean curses again, but the venom's gone out of it, and there's something more like a moan in the words. Gabriel smirks before speeding up, watching Dean's face.

"I'm going to expect you to reciprocate someday soon," Gabriel says casually, and watches Dean's face tighten and close off. "Hey, relax. I'm not expecting anything from you today: I'm even giving you a gift!"

"I don't want it," Dean says, and Gabriel shakes his head, taking his hands off of Dean's cock.

"You'll take it, and you'll wear it." Gabriel says. "No arguments, Dean. Not about this."

When Gabriel shows the black leather of the collar, Dean's reaction is predictable: "Oh *hell* no!" He struggles against his restraints with new energy, pulls away from Gabriel as best he can.

Gabriel watches him struggle silently, eyes unreadable. He lowers a hand to Dean's thigh and rubs, gently, making soothing motions as he waits for the anger to run itself out. But there's no fear at this, not in Dean. He's furious at the idea of being collared, scared of being restrained, but he's not scared of being collared.

It makes Gabriel wonder at Dean, and it makes him slow down and let Dean's anger run itself out.

It takes a long time before that happens, however, but Gabriel just stays put and pets over Dean's stomach, his thighs, his cock. He rubs his thumb over Dean's tip and doesn't respond to how Dean curses him, instead examining how Dean's hips jerk and his voice catches as Gabriel works his fingers down his length and across his balls.

(Gabriel can be surprisingly patient when it pleases him, and it pleases him here to slowly unravel Dean as he works out his anger.)

Nearly twenty minutes have come and gone when Dean lets himself moan at Gabriel's ministrations. Gabriel smiles at him and doesn't speed up or stop, but begins to talk instead.

"I'm not going to let Michael get his hands on you, Dean," Gabriel says. "I protect what's mine, and if you're good I might extend that to protecting your brother. Just a thought for you to consider."

Dean doesn't answer, panting softly instead.

"I won't restrain you in the future," Gabriel goes on. "I think we'd both benefit if instead you understood that my word is law, and that you're *mine*."

Gabriel grins at Dean and finally stops touching him, instead moving up to sit next to Dean's chest and lean over him. Dean says nothing as Gabriel secures the collar around his throat, and he closes his eyes when Gabriel snaps the clasp away. It's a single band of black leather, unbroken and without design, and when Gabriel traces his fingers around it Dean shivers.

Gabriel leans down and kisses Dean, wondering if he's somehow broken Dean down, but no: Dean bites his lips, bites hard enough to draw blood if Gabriel were human, and Gabriel laughs at the flash of anger in Dean's eyes.

"That's cute, Dean, very cute," Gabriel says mockingly, and smirks as he snaps the restraints away. Dean sits up and punches Gabriel across the jaw barely seconds later, and Gabriel tilts his head in amusement at how Dean holds his hand afterwards.

"Ask nicely and I'll make that thing invisible to humans," Gabriel offers.

"Fuck you," Dean tells him, and Gabriel shakes his head.

"I said we're saving that for later. Now don't go telling Sammy who's collared you yet, or your burn might get worse." Gabriel runs a finger over the mark of gold on Dean's arm and gets punched again as answer. "...careful now, you might break your hand!"

Dean turns away, fists clenching, and Gabriel smirks. He reaches out and uses the collar as a hand-hold to pull Dean back, and kisses him again, deeply.

"And it's time for you to wake up, Dean, or you might miss the alarm." Gabriel smirks as he snaps his fingers, and Dean is plunged back into reality.

(Dean wakes up to leather at his throat, questions from Sam and Castiel, and a severe case of morning wood. He can't really say which is worse, but needless to say his morning is not a happy one.)